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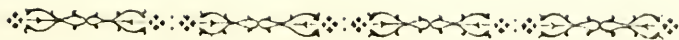


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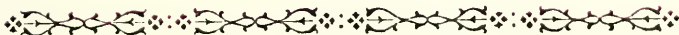
*A Sketch of the*  
**COTTON SMITH**  
**FAMILY**

*of*  
**SHARON, CONNECTICUT**

*WITH GENEALOGICAL NOTES*

BY  
**BAYARD TUCKERMAN**

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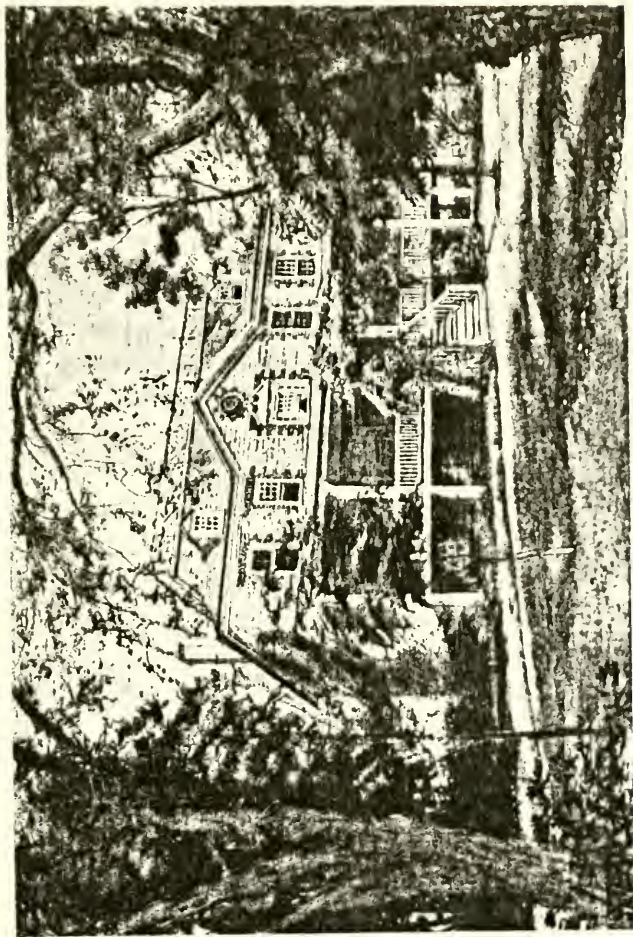
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THE COTTON SMITH HOMESTEAD  
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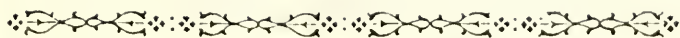
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TO  
HELEN EVERTSON SMITH  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED



# THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY





## *THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY*

IN THE COUNTY OF LITCHFIELD, in the Northwest corner of Connecticut, and close to the New York line, the village of Sharon lies between the declining ranges of the Berkshire Hills. More than any other part of our country, perhaps, New England may boast of the beauty of many of her villages. In the formative period the most substantial settlers built their dwellings in groups. The necessity for mutual protection first dictated a policy which in better times was confirmed by convenience. The meeting house and the school were accessible to all and the benefits of neighborly companionship were secured. The thrifty and orderly character of the people gave an aspect of neatness to the villages. The white spire of the meeting house rose amongst the elms upon a well-kept green, and on either



side of the main street stood the substantial wooden houses with their trim fences and lilac bushes. In later times, under changed conditions of population, village improvement societies have done much to preserve the imprint of neatness which the early generations had left. Sharon stands upon a moderate elevation in the midst of a fertile valley running north and south. The main street is about two hundred and fifty feet wide, and is divided by four rows of great elms into two separate roadways with parking between. In this parkway stands the usual soldiers' monument, and upon its trim lawn are benches in the shade of the elms. An impression of generous space, of rural dignity, of the beauty of fine trees set far apart, of a common interest in the attractiveness of the village, pervades the main street of Sharon. The early settlers were ambitious for their town and design guided the plan which produced this ample and nobly planted roadway. The industry of the people and the fertility of the soil are



still reflected in the solidity and comfort of the dwellings which look out upon it. At the highest point of the village stands a great brick meeting house, the successor of the wooden building where Parson Smith preached from 1755 to 1806, and whence he set out with a large contingent of his congregation to join the American forces at Ticonderoga. A little to the southward stands the Episcopal Church, established before the Revolution, now chiefly supported by the summer population from New York, who have sought the beauty of this valley and village for the months of recreation and whose country seats adorn the neighborhood. Still further to the south, on the east side of the road, stands the Cotton Smith homestead.

This house is for several reasons remarkable among colonial dwellings. We should remember that Sharon itself was settled only in 1733, and that the building was begun in 1765 in a country that was so lately a wilderness, and far removed from any seaport or



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centre of commerce. It is built massively of cut stone, the outer walls two feet thick, and all the partition walls from the foundation to the attic also of stone. In the colonial fashion the main building is square, with an extension behind. The latter was built first, and when the former was added, an independent wall was built beside the other, so that in recent years, when a new door between the main building and the extension was desired, it was necessary to cut through four feet and a half of solid masonry. In this rare example of colonial architecture the mortar remains as hard and imperishable as the stone. In a hundred and forty years there has been no settling and no repointing, and within, the plaster work of walls and ceilings has shown no crack. Family tradition tells that this construction was superintended by a Genoese refugee.

Within these walls is a fine, ample hall, and two floors of those wonderfully proportioned square rooms which are rarely seen



except in the houses of our ancestors. There is something in their simplicity, in their sole dependence upon perfect proportion, which seems to indicate a superior fundamental taste. The effect of amplitude and repose is attained without effort. The detail of wainscot and mantel is unobtrusive; pleasing, without challenging observation. The note is beauty unadorned; but the setting is the most effective for the exquisite English furniture of the eighteenth century with which this house was filled. What we call our Sharon chair is but a hint of the treasures of the Smith homestead.

In 1912, at the Morgan Memorial at Hartford, was exhibited a remarkable collection of old silver from this house, with heirlooms of several families with which the Smiths had intermarried. Among the most notable of these was the tankard which Rev. Henry Smith brought with him in 1636, and which was recovered from the wreck of the vessel which carried his property to the mouth of the Connecticut River; a silver



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brazier used to hold live coals for the lighting of pipes; a beaten dish eighteen inches long by three deep, used to roast turkeys before a wood fire; a punch ladle, so worn that a hole in the bottom had been filled by hammering in a silver dollar of the date 1805; some very old platters of beaten silver, unmarked, which might have been taken during the wars from some Spanish galleon. From the Evertsons came a beautiful coffee urn, tea set, silver and glass epergne and a number of small pieces. From the Livingstons a large salver, with coat of arms and engraved with the design of rose, shamrock and thistle; and a tea-pot marked with the crest, a ship without a rudder, and the motto *Spero Meliora*, which Robert Livingston adopted after his return from his hazardous journey to England.

A feature of the Smith homestead is the spacious attic, where the oaken rafters show the marks of the broad axe which hewed them. It gave to the bed-rooms coolness in



summer and warmth in winter, supplied a play ground for the children and a meeting room for festive and business gatherings of Sharon Village. It contained, among other relics of the past, an old cedar chest and some Indian baskets filled with family papers, from which rich store Miss Helen Evertson Smith has obtained the material for her charming book, *Colonial Days and Ways*; and whence, among other papers of historical value, came the letter of Parson Smith on the connection of General Schuyler with the Northern Campaign which Trevelyan has cited in his *American Revolution*.

As we survey this house, and reflect upon its solidity, its comfort and beauty, and upon the wealth and taste which furnished it long ago, we realize that all this represents a time of harvest. Let us look at the seed time of this harvest.

In 1698, the Rev. Henry Smith's son Samuel, then an old man living at Hadley, Massachusetts, received from his son, Ichabod, of Suffield, Connecticut, a letter asking



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for some information regarding the emigration of the family from England. Samuel replied; and Ichabod placed his father's letter for safe keeping between the leaves of the family Bible. Thus it passed on to his son Samuel. In the latter's house a fire occurred, which, with other damage, so charred the edges of the Bible as to make it useless. But Mrs. Smith, (Jerusha Mather) preserved it and brought it in her cedar chest when she removed to Sharon in 1767 to pass her years of widowhood in the home of her son Rev. Cotton Mather Smith. The cedar chest was kept in the attic of the homestead as a receptacle for family papers, and there Jerusha's granddaughter, the lovely and keen-witted Juliana, with a taste for antiquarian study, withdrew the letter from its long repose between the charred leaves. Here it is:

"Jan. ye Firste, 1698. My Dear and Dutiful Son: I was of so tender an Age at the death of my beloved Father that I am possessed of but little of the Information



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for which you seek. My revered Father was an ordained Minister of ye Gospelle, educate at Cambridge in England & came to yis Land by reason of ye great persecution by which ye infamous Archbishop Laud and ye Black Tom Tyrante, (as Mr. Russell was always wont to call ye Earl of Strafford) did cause ye Reigne of his Majestie Charles ye First to loose favour in ye sight of ye People of England. My Father and Mother came over in 1636, firste to Watertown which is neare Boston, and after a yeare or two to Weathersfield on ye great River, where he became ye firste settled Pastor.

“Concerning of ye earlie Days I can remember but little save Hardship. My Parents had brought both Men-servants and Maid-servants from England, but ye Maids tarried not but till they got married, ye wch was shortly, for there was great Scarcity of Women in ye Colonies. Ye men did abide better. Onne of em had married onne of my Mother’s maids & they did come with us to Weathersfield to our great Comforte



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for some Yeares, untill they had manny littel onnes of their owne.

“I do well remember ye Face & Figure of my honoured Father. He was 5 foote 10 inches talle, & spare of builde, tho not leane. He was as active as ye Red Skin Men & sinewy. His delighte was in Sportes of strengthe, and with his owne Hands he did helpe to rear both our owne House and ye firste Meeting House of Weathersfield, wherein he preached yeares too fewe. He was well featured and fresh favoured with faire skin & long, curling Hair, (as neare all of us have had) with a merrie Eye & sweete smiling Mouthe, tho he could frowne sternlie eno when need was.

“Ye firste Meeting House was solid mayde to withstande ye wicked onsaults of ye Red Skins. Its Foundations was laide in ye feare of ye Lord, but its Walls was truly laide in ye fear of ye Indians, for many & grate was ye Terrors of em. I do mind me y’t alle ye able-bodied Men did work thereat, & ye olde and feeble did watch in turns to



espie if any Salvages was in hidinge neare, & every Man kept his musket nighe to his hande. I do not myselfe remember any of ye Attacks mayde by large bodys of Indians, whilst we did remaine in Weathersfield, but did ofttimes hear of em. Several Families wch did live back a ways from ye River was either murdered or captivated in my Boyhood & we all did live in constant feare of ye like. My Father ever declared there would not be so much to feare iff ye Red Skins was treated with suche mixture of Justice and Authority as they cld understand, but iff he was living now he must see that wee can do naught but *fight* em & that right heavily.

“After ye Red Skins, ye grate Terrour of our Lives at Weathersfield & for many yeares after we had moved to Hadley to live, was ye Wolves. Catamounts was bad eno’ and so was ye Beares, but it was ye Wolves, yet was ye worst. The noyse of theyre howlings was eno’ to curdle ye bloode of ye stoutest, & I have never seen



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ye Man yt did not shiver at ye sounde of a Packe of em. What wth ye way we hated em and ye goode money yt was offered for theyre Heads we do not heare em now so much, but when I do I feel again ye younge Hatred rising in my Bloode, & it is not a sin because God mayde em to be hated. My mother and sister did each of em kill more yan one of ye gray Howlers & once my oldest sister shot a Beare yt came too neare ye House. He was a good fatte onne & kept us alle in meat for a good while. I guess one of her daughters has got ye skinne.

“As most of ye Weathersfield Settlers did come afoot throu ye Wildernesse and brought with em such things only as they did most neede at ye first, ye other things was sent round from Boston in Vessels to come up ye River to us. Some of ye Shippes did come safē to Weathersfield, but many was lost in a grate Storm. Amongst em was onne wch held alle our beste Things. A good many Yeares later, long after my Father had died of ye grate Fever and my mother had mar-



ried Mr. Russell and moved to Hadley, it was found yt some of our Things had been saved & kept in ye Fort wch is by ye River's Mouthe, & they was brought to us. Most of em was spoilt with Sea Water and Mould, especially ye Bookes & ye Plate. Of this there was no grate Store, only ye Tankard wch I have, and some Spoones, divided amongst my Sisters."

With this letter before us, a significant fact stands out. These people, isolated amidst wilderness surroundings to live or die as they might, obliged to fight for life and to toil hard for subsistence, having nothing they yet had all. There was a light kept burning which prevented not only a retrogression of character, but even a dulling of the mind by physical labors, or a lapse of the higher aspirations and standards of life in the stress of material hardships. The meeting house, of which the "foundations were laid in the fear of the Lord, and of which the walls were built in the fear of the Indians," kept alive a spirit which subdued



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the wilderness, preserved education and brought in good time a pleasant life in a smiling land. How this occurred in the particular case of the Cotton Smith family I will recount briefly.

It was in the winter of 1638-9 that the adventurous colonists known as the Watertown party terminated their long and arduous journey from Boston through the wilderness to the site of Weathersfield on the Connecticut River. The next year, when the inhabitants of Hartford, Windsor and Weathersfield constituted themselves the commonwealth called Connecticut, the Rev. Henry Smith was chosen one of the Commissioners, with Wolcott, Ludlow, Steele, Pynchon and others, to govern the new Colony. Hardships accentuated and even embittered the rigid morality of the settlers, and the Rev. Henry Smith had to overcome, in addition to the difficulties common to all, the hostility of an austere party in his congregation who considered that his justice was too far tempered with mercy, and that his charity



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suffered to pass unpunished quite obvious shortcomings of his flock. A lively sense of humor is characteristic of the descendants of the Rev. Henry Smith, and recalling what the son said of his father's "merrie eye," we may find the source of his declared opinion that the minor human errors should be left for the individual to settle with his God. This view was finally taken by the congregation, who resolved in town meeting that any person animadverting upon the Rev. Henry Smith should be fined. And when he passed away in 1648, the sentiment that he had preached "yeares too fewe," seems to have been universal. His widow, Dorothy Cotton, a near relative of the famous Dr. John Cotton, afterwards married John Russell, and removed to Hadley, Massachusetts, where she died at a great age in 1694.

Her son, Samuel Smith, had married in 1662, Mary, the daughter of James Ensign, one of the first settlers of Hartford. He removed to Hadley late in life to care for his aged mother, again a widow, and thence



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he wrote the letter to his son Ichabod. The latter lived at Suffield, Connecticut, where he was long a deacon of the church. He married in 1692, Mary, the daughter of Thomas Huxley and Mary Spencer.

The son of Deacon Ichabod, named Samuel, was born in Suffield in 1700. He married November 2, 1725, Jerusha, daughter of Atherton Mather, of the family of Increase and Cotton Mather. By this time the Connecticut settlers were well established. The Indians were few and peaceful, the wolves had ceased to howl, the bears kept their distance, while deer and partridges furnished a pleasant change of fare. Everywhere the forest gave way to the farm, dignified meeting houses and comfortable homes were arising, villages were laid out with a view to convenience and beauty. Samuel and Jerusha Smith prospered and gave to their sons Simeon and Cotton Mather the best education which the times afforded. Both became leading and successful men.

Simeon Smith was born in 1736, and when



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twenty years old made his way to Edinburgh, Scotland, and passed two years in the study of medicine. He profited in various ways by this experience of life in an old and wealthy community and made friends in Edinburgh and London who afterwards stood him in good stead. Returning to Connecticut in 1758, with his doctor's degree, he resolved to settle in the new village of Sharon, where his elder brother Cotton Mather was established as minister. Simeon became the builder of the stone homestead, the proprietor of the great acreage which supported it, and the wealthiest as well as the most generally useful man of his community. How this result was attained by a physician practising in this sparsely settled region, with the trifling fees which his patients could pay, is interesting to note, and enforces the lesson that Opportunity is always present if we can only see it. The difficulty of obtaining drugs caused him at once to begin importing his own, which he was able to do through his Scotch



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and English acquaintance. Very soon he was importing also for neighboring physicians and in course of time for those of all western Connecticut and the Hudson River counties of New York. Then a lady begged him to procure her needles, and a farmer a good pigskin saddle, and a farrier his tools. Dr. Smith, with his good credit, was able to oblige them. The field of business, entered upon in a neighborly spirit of helpfulness, expanded into an importing house with warehouses at Sharon and Poughkeepsie, whence an extensive assortment of articles needed in the colonies were distributed. Everybody who wanted anything applied to Dr. Smith. Among the demands enumerated on the papers in the old cedar chest in the homestead are: yokes of oxen, wagons, cart-wheels, sleds, tools for the wheelwright and a man to use them, a farrier and all the tools for his trade, "machinery for a saw-mill of the biggest kind," "a linnen and a woolen loom, and a weaver for each of them, good ones who understand their trade." The con-



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duct of a large and profitable commission business in the eighteenth century in Western New England, without banking or transportation facilities, with rough roads closed often for months, with intermittent mails, without even a settled currency, would seem quite as difficult as making an income as a physician. But Dr. Smith took the conditions as he found them and succeeded under them.

At the outbreak of the War for Independence, Simeon Smith raised a company, equipped it at his own expense, and led it as Captain in Washington's army about New York and Long Island. He raised another company for the Burgoyne Campaign, but breaking his leg was unable to command it. After that his services were called into requisition by Governor Trumbull for supplying the Connecticut troops with their indispensable needs: powder, saddles, horse-shoes, clothing, blankets, stores of grain and cattle were assembled by him at convenient points; money, too, he had to



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seek out for the public use. His sacrifices of time, energy and of his own means were great, and were made up only by after years of effort.

In 1804, he felt that his work was done. His business enterprises were terminated, his lands, comprising some thirty thousand acres in New York, Connecticut and Vermont, were sufficiently settled to yield a good income. The spirit which had animated his life appears in a letter which in this year he wrote to his nephew, Gov. John Cotton Smith:

“At last I owe no man a penny that cannot be paid at a moment’s notice, and I now have leisure to devote to my favorite project: the establishment in my native State of as fine a medical college and hospital connected therewith as may be in any country. I am not yet seventy; my health is good. I hope to live to see it started. In my time, *great things* have happened, and *greater* are to come. I wish I could live a thousand years! I suppose your father will shake his head over this, but I believe the



Lord has a great work for this country to do; and I want to see it!"

But for this last and greatest enterprise, the founding of the medical school, he survived only to make the plans.

Simeon Smith's elder brother, Cotton Mather, well known in Connecticut and the Continental army as Parson Smith, was born in Suffield in 1730. He graduated at Yale in 1751, and then went for his theological education to Jonathan Edwards, at that time retired to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, after his troubles at Northampton. Cotton Mather Smith had the advantage of the instruction of this master mind; and also in this youthful period, acting as missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, he developed unusual physical strength and hardihood. He learned their language while teaching his own, practised their sports, and in wrestling, hunting and journeying on snow-shoes, attained a proficiency which won their respect. More than twenty years later, it was a party of his friends among these



Indians who bore him, when stricken with fever, from the camp at Ticonderoga to his home at Sharon.

A New England minister in colonial days was expected to be a leader not only in spiritual matters, but in politics and in the practical affairs of life. He was pre-eminently the man of education to whom all might apply for counsel. Almost always something of a farmer himself, it was for him to advise the farmer and the farrier, the miller and the weaver. It was a life of labor, physical as well as mental, and yet in the long run healthier than the specialized life of our time. How many of these ministers were hale and hearty at the end of fifty years of work. The nervous strain was far less. The troubles and sins of nations were not laid before them every morning in the newspaper and world movements did not distract the attention and conscience. In the old wooden church at Sharon which preceded the present brick building, with its square pews for families on the ground



floor, its gallery for the singers and its upper gallery for the black slaves, Parson Smith preached from his high pulpit a wholesome Christianity for more than fifty years. His liberal spirit was shown one Sunday morning when the congregation had gathered early on the green before the meeting house, sadly discussing the expected loss of the cut wheat which had been drenched by a week of rain and would spoil unless spread and dried that very day, the first of sunshine, but the day when all work was forbidden. They were thinking not only of their own interest, but of the needs of the troops in the field fighting for the cause of independence. The Parson strode up the village street before his usual time, took his stand on the meeting-house steps, said that the Sabbath was made for man, and with a short prayer and a benediction sent his people into the fields, urging those who had no wheat cut to assist those who had. And he himself, at the head of his household, spent a long day at the same task.



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It was from the pulpit that the people received a plain statement of the issues between the mother-country and the colonies, that the news of the war was spread and the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown announced. In front of the meeting house the soldiers mustered and thence the Parson accompanied his parishioners to the front. His letters home give the best account we have of the dissensions between the New York and New England troops and their causes. General Schuyler showed his appreciation of the Parson's services by a succession of casks of wine sent in after years to Sharon.

Rev. Thomas Robbins, of Hartford, who had known Cotton Mather Smith, thus described him: "He was rather tall, and united great benignity and acute intelligence in his expression. His manners were remarkably polished, so that he might have appeared to advantage even in a court; they were a delightful compound of simplicity, grace and dignity, entirely free



from hauteur or ostentation; and he could make the humblest man in the community feel at home in his company."

The minister's wife was expected to share her husband's leadership and responsibility. Mrs. Cotton Mather Smith was Temperance, daughter of the Rev. William Worthington of Saybrook, and was married in 1756. She had been sent to England for her education. Among her many other duties was that to visit the sick, to attend the births which occurred in the congregation, and to entertain at her house all strangers of superior condition who passed through Sharon. During a winter when smallpox prevailed, she and her husband lived for three weeks in a barn, having their meals brought to them by a negro slave, so that they could minister to the sufferers without endangering their own family. Her housekeeping problem would overwhelm a lady of our day. During the year that the Parson was away with the army, Rev. Dr. Bellamy filled the pulpit at Sharon, staying at the parsonage with



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two theological students of his own, who were added to the five students of Mr. Smith's already there. Besides these eight men there were four orphans in the house, brought up at the Parson's expense, six children of his own, two grandmothers, in all twenty-two persons besides servants. How Mrs. Smith met the problem may be gathered from a letter of hers written in 1795:

"In our present state of peace and plenty, this does not seem so great a burden; but at that time when the exactions of the mother country had rendered it impossible for any but the wealthiest to import anything to eat or wear, and all had to be raised and manufactured at home, from bread stuffs, sugar and rum to the linen and woolen for our clothes and bedding, you may well imagine that my duties were not light; though I can say for myself that I never complained even in my inmost thoughts; for if I could even give up for the honored cause of Liberty the husband that I loved so dearly that my constant fear was lest I



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should sin to idolatry, it would assuredly have ill become me to repine at any inconvenience to myself. And besides, to tell the truth, I had no leisure for murmuring. I rose with the sun, and all through the long day I had no time for aught but my work. So much did it press upon me that I could scarcely divert my thoughts from its demands even during the family prayers, which both amazed and displeased me; for during that hour at least, I should have been sending all my thoughts to Heaven for the safety of my beloved husband and the salvation of our hapless country; instead of which I was often wondering whether Polly had remembered to set the sponge for the bread, or to put water on the leach tub, or to turn the cloth in the dyeing vat, or whether wool had been carded for Betsey to start her spinning wheel in the morning, or Billy had chopped light wood enough for the kindling, or dry hard wood enough to heat the big oven, or whether some other thing had not been forgotten of the thousand that must



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be done without fail or else there would be a disagreeable hitch in the housekeeping; so that you may be sure that when I went to bed at night, I went to sleep and not to lie awake imagining all sorts of disasters that might happen." The labors of such a New England household were lightened by the fact that everyone was expected to be helpful, if not actively, at least by avoiding giving trouble to others. Mrs. Smith had five slaves, Nancy, Judy, Jack, young Billy and old Billy, who did the hard work. When we think of the later attitude of New England toward slavery, it is curious to note that Mrs. Cotton Mather Smith, the daughter and the wife of a clergyman, says that she "was not used to be more tender of old Billy than of any of the other servants, but rather the less so in that he was my own slave that my father had given to me upon my marriage."

To Sharon, in 1777 and later, came, as to a pleasant refuge, a number of the Hudson River families whose security in their own



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homes was endangered by the British troops. Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer, wife of the seventh patroon, had been as Catherine Livingston a girlhood friend of Mrs. Cotton Mather Smith, and she brought to Sharon her young son Stephen, afterwards General Van Rensselaer. There was a large contingent of Livingstons: Mrs. Robert R. with her daughter, the widow of General Montgomery, and the families of Robert Cambridge, Robert G. and Rev. John Henry Livingston. Young Philip Livingston, the son of the Signer, is the "Carping P. L." mentioned later. The advent of these visitors filled the spare rooms at Sharon, and added to the social enjoyments.

We have seen in the persons of Simeon Smith, the man of enterprise, Cotton Mather, the clergyman, and Temperance Worthington the housewife, examples of the endeavor and industry of Sharon village life. Of the lighter side, the amusement and cheer, we are given a glimpse by a charming young girl, the Parson's daughter, the lively and



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witty Juliana. She had a taste for antiquarian study and her rummaging among the papers in her grandmother's cedar chest in the attic of the homestead brought to light the charred Bible and the old letter it contained, of which she made a careful copy. The letters which she wrote to her brother, John Cotton Smith, afterwards Governor of Connecticut, while he was at Yale College, were in the form of a diary of the happenings at home. She was a leading spirit in the Sharon Literary Club and editor of the "Clio" which contained the contributions of the club members. About this club centred the social life. It met in turn at about seventeen houses in Sharon. Reading the contributions to the "Clio," discussing them and subjects of the day, constituted the literary part of the entertainment. By resolution of the club all of the women and such of the men as were not engaged in speaking or reading were "expected to knit stockings or do some other kind of work to help our brave and suffering soldiers in their desperate



struggle to gain the Liberty of our native land." When the literary performance was over, there ensued an hour of dancing for the young people, a diversion in which Juliana, as a clergyman's daughter, could not take part, to her great regret; "though as you know," she says, "Papa does not think dancing wrong in itself, but only that it may be a cause of offending to some."

In the proceedings of the club old and young took part. The Parson, Dr. Bellamy and Noah Webster, the schoolmaster, "became as heated over a Greek word," says Juliana in her diary, "as over a forge fire." The ladies did their share, but "maintained a seemly silence while the slower half of creation was laying down the law." Contributions came from John Cotton Smith and his friends at Yale. Among the latter was Abiel Holmes, the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who sent an ode, regarding which Juliana wrote to Jack: "Your chum is no doubt as you say a man of parts, but the Pegasus he rides is a sorry steed that



has lost his wings and is badly shod." James Kent, afterwards the great chancellor, receives a compliment: "Mr. Kent does well, always well. He has thoughts and does not hide them under a rubbish of words." Noah Webster, the author of the famous spelling book and dictionary, was then teaching the Sharon school, being "boarded round" and receiving the salary of three dollars a month. His contributions to the "Clio" did not meet with Juliana's approval. "Mr. Webster," she wrote to Jack, "has not the excuse of youth (I think he must be fully twenty two or three), but his essays, don't be angry, Jack, are as young as yours and brother Tommy's, while his reflections are as prosy as those of our horse, your namesake, would be if they were written out. Perhaps more so, for I truly believe, judging from the way Jack Horse looks round at me sometimes when I am on his back, that his thoughts of the human race and their conduct toward his own might be well worth reading. At least they would be



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all *his own*, and that is more than could be said of N. W.'s."

The festival of Thanksgiving Day, now national, remained for more than two hundred years an exclusively New England holiday. Its spirit of family hospitality and union is reflected in a letter written by Juliana to an absent cousin describing the celebration of the day in 1779. The scene was the dining room of the homestead, a room thirty feet long warmed by a fireplace in which seven persons could easily stand without crowding.

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"When Thanksgiving Day was approaching, our dear Grandmother Smith (Jerusha Mather), who is sometimes a little desponding of Spirit as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a Day of Fasting and Prayer in view of the *Wickedness of our Friends and the Vileness of our Enemies*; I am sure you can hear Grandmother say that and see her shake her cap border. But indeed there was some occasion for her remarks, for our re-



sistance to an *unjust authority* has cost our beautiful coast Towns very dear the last year & all of us have had much to suffer. But my dear Father brought her to a more proper frame of mind, so that by the time the Day came she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, & she, you will remember, always sees the bright side. In the meanwhile we had all of us been working hard to get all things in readiness to do honour to the Day.

“This year it was Uncle Simeon’s turn to have the dinner at his house, but of course we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, & there is always enough for us all to do. All the baking of pies and cakes was done at our house & we had the big oven heated & filled twice each day for three days before it was all done. And *everything was good*, though we did have to do without some Things that ought to be used. Neither Love nor Money could buy Raisins, but our good red Cherries dried without the pits, did almost as well &



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

happily Uncle Simeon still had some spices in store. The tables were set in the Dining Hall and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. The Servants had enough ado to get around the Tables & serve us all without over-setting things. There were our two grandmothers side by side. They are always handsome old Ladies, but now, many thought, they were handsomer than ever, & happy they were to look around upon so many of their descendants. Uncle & Aunt Simeon presided at one Table & Father & Mother at the other. Besides us five boys and girls, there were two of the Gales & three Elmers, besides James Brown & Ephraim Cowles. (Five of the last named were orphans taught and provided for by Parson and Mrs. Smith). We had them at our table because they could be best *supervised* there. Most of the students had gone to their homes for the week, but Mr. — and Mr. — were too far away from their homes. They sat at Uncle Simeon's table, and so did Uncle Paul



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

and his family, five of them in all, & cousins Phin and Poll. Then there were six of the Livingston family next door. They had never seen a Thanksgiving Dinner before, having been used to keep Christmas Day instead, as is the wont in New York Province. Then there were four old Ladies who have no longer Homes or Children of their own & so came to us. They were invited by my Mother, but Uncle and Aunt Simeon wished it so.

“Of course we could have no Roast Beef. None of us have tasted Beef this three years back as it all must go to the Army, & too little they get poor fellows. But, Nay-quittymaw’s hunters were able to get us a fine red Deer, so that we had a good Haunch of Venisson on each Table. These were balanced by huge Chines of Roast Pork at the other ends of the Tables. Then there was on one a big Roast Turkey & on the other a Goose and two big Pigeon Pasties. Then there was an abundance of good Vegetables of all the old Sorts & one



which I do not believe you have yet seen. Uncle Simeon had imported the Seede from England just before the War began & only this Year was there enough for Table use. It is called Sellery & you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with meats. Next year Uncle Simeon says he will be able to raise enough to give us all some. It has to be taken up, roots and all, and buried in earth in the cellar through the winter & only pulling up some when you want it to use.

“Our mince pies were good although we had to use dried Cherries as I told you, & the meat was shoulder of venison, instead of Beef. The Pumpkin pies, Apple tarts and big Indian Puddings lacked nothing save *Appetite* by the time we got round to them.

“Of course we had no Wine. Uncle Simeon has still a cask or two, but it must all be saved for the sick, & indeed, for those who are well, good Cider is a sufficient Substitute. There was no Plumb Pudding, but a boiled Suet Pudding, stirred thick



with dried Plumbs and Cherries, was called by the old name & answered the purpose. All the other spice had been used in the Mince Pies, so for this Pudding we used a jar of West India preserved Ginger which chanced to be left of the last shipment which Uncle Simeon had from there; we chopped the Ginger small and stirred it through with the Plumbs and Cherries. It was *extraordinarily* good. The Day was bitter cold, & when we got home from Meeting, which Father did not keep over long by reason of the cold, we were glad eno' of the fire in Uncle's Dining Hall, but by the time the dinner was one half over those of us who were on the fire side of one Table were forced to get up and carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other Table, while those who had sat there were as glad to bring their plates around to the fire side to get warm. All but the Old Ladies, who had a Screen put behind their chairs.

"Uncle Simeon was in his best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both



Tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying Medicine in Edinburgh, & afterwards he and Father & Uncle Paul joined in singing Hymns & Ballads. You know how fine their voices go together. Then we all sang a Hymn & afterwards my dear Father led us in prayer, remembering all absent Friends before the Throne of Grace, & much I wished that my dear Betsy was here as one of us, as she has been of yore.

“We did not rise from the table until it was quite dark, and then when the dishes had been cleared away we all got round the fire as close as we could, & cracked nuts & sang songs & told stories. At least some told & others listened. You know nobody can exceed the two Grandmothers at telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves, & repeating those of the early years in New England, & even some in the Old England, which they had heard in their youth from their Elders. My Father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

worthy deeds & traditions from Father to Son, as the Israelites were commanded to do about the Passover & as the Indians here have always done, because the word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one that is written. . . . Brother Jack who did not reach here till late on Wednesday, though he had left College very early on Monday morning & rode with all due Diligence considering the Snow, brought an Orange to each of the Grandmothers, but alas! they were frozen in his saddle bags. We soaked the frost out in cold water, but I guess they weren't as good as they should have been."

In 1782, Juliana wrote in her diary: "This evening our debates were enlivened by the presence of a young gentleman who came in with Judge Canfield and his daughters. He is very handsome in person and courtly in manners. His remarks were received with much favor, even the carping P. L. being heard to say that Mr. Radcliff's speech 'was not intolerable.'" Two years later, after the peace, Juliana Smith



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

married Mr. Jacob Radcliff. They lived first at Albany, where he was Judge of the Supreme Court, and afterwards in New York, of which he was three times elected Mayor between 1810 and 1818. The Radcliffs had a country home near Poughkeepsie called Chestnut Hill, and there Juliana continued to have "literary evenings," which are mentioned in letters of Chancellor Kent, Edward Livingston, Chancellor Livingston and Mrs. Janet Montgomery as "delightful gatherings where youth and age, fashion and wit, met for pleasure and improvement."

As late as the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the drift of active life had not yet set in towards the cities. Even New York and Boston were small, quiet towns. Country life and village life held their own and did not give up to the cities the most enterprising and ambitious of their young people. Stockbridge with its Sedgwicks, Litchfield with its Wolcotts and Ellsworths, are only examples of the inter-



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

esting lives and notable careers which were pursued in country homes.

John Cotton, son of the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, had such a career. Inheriting from his Uncle Simeon the homestead and lands at Sharon and the greater part of the latter's other property, he was able to give most of his time to the service of his native state. Born at Sharon in 1765, he graduated at Yale in 1783 and three years later began the practice of law. In 1796 he was appointed to the staff of Governor Oliver Wolcott, Sen., and soon afterwards entering the legislature, became its Speaker in 1800. In the same year he was elected a member of Congress as a Federalist and was twice re-elected. In the great debate on the Judiciary in 1801, he presided over the Committee of the Whole. His papers contain amusing descriptions of the journeys to Washington by stage-coach and of the almost uninhabitable condition of the capital at that time. Unable to obtain suitable accommodations for his wife, he was obliged





GOVERNOR JOHN COTTON SMITH  
1765-1845



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

to leave her at home during the sessions and this circumstance had much to do with his declining a re-election in 1806, and his return to the practice of law in Connecticut. There he entered the legislature again in 1808, and the following year was appointed a judge of the State Supreme Court. From 1811 to 1813 he served as Lieutenant Governor and in the latter year was elected Governor. The State of Connecticut was still governed under the old charter of Charles II, and of the original states was probably that which had pursued the least troubled political course from its foundation. Self-governing always, the Revolution hardly added to its independence and had not called for any change of Constitution. But during the governorship of John Cotton Smith, the Federalist party which he represented had done its work and was ceasing to exist; the Democratic party demanded a new constitution to replace the old royal charter, and after five years of service, Governor Smith, "the most popular



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

man of an unpopular party," was replaced by Oliver Wolcott, Jr., who headed the forces of innovation. The rest of Governor Smith's life was passed in the care of his estate and in works of public and charitable interest. Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1814. He died at the age of eighty in the Sharon homestead.

Governor John Cotton Smith married Margaret, daughter of Jacob Evertson, of Pleasant Valley, New York, in the autumn of 1786. Jacob Evertson was one of the so-called "Great Nine Partners" who owned over 140,000 acres, principally in Dutchess County. He was of Dutch descent, and his family still observed the customs of the Dutch settlers and preserved a connection with their relatives in Holland. Pleasant Valley, New York, and Sharon, Connecticut, although in different states, were within an easy journey on horseback. The state line was invisible and yet in those days it still meant much, for in separating New England from New York, it marked a notable differ-



ence of customs and ideas. Few colonial weddings have been so well described as that of Margaret Evertson to John Cotton Smith, and we owe the description of it to the bridegroom's sister Mary, who wrote an account to another sister, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. William Wheeler of Red Hook, N. Y., who was unable to be present. Here is Mary Smith's letter:

"Of course both Jack & Peggy looked very handsome, although if I didn't know that Jack is twenty one and Peggy only nineteen, I should say she was the oldest. He is so happy, I suppose that made him look so boyish. She is very happy too, but I think marriage seems a more serious matter to a woman. You will wish to know what they wore — most important subject. So listen: Place aux dames — Peggy first.

"*Item.* A gown of exceeding glossy and rich satinn of a bluish white colour that would make a Fright of anyone else; but her complexion is so faire, that she can stand anything. It was trimmed around the



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

Neck & Sleeves with exceeding rich Lace about five inches wide in double rows and very full gathered. There must be at least a dozen yards of it. Mr. Everston sent express to his relatives in Holland for it and the Satinn for the gown. *Item*: a very large painted Fan with shepherds and sheperd-esses painted on it. *Item*: a paire of white Sattine Slippers. *Item*: a paire of long white silk Mitts, reaching above the Elboughs. These were of our dear Mamma's finest Knitting. *Item*: three very fine white Ostrich Plumes in her hair.

“And now for Jack. His breeches and coat were of fine black velvet. His long white silk Stockings were Knitted by our dear Mamma. And he wore the Vest on which your own faire fingers spent so much time. His ruffles were the same lace as Pëgg's. His handkerchief was of the very finest texture of Linnen, almost like a Cobweb, and your Humble Servant, madam, was the Spider that did the spinning of this Web! Likewise the hemstitching in three



rows. It took old Johnny Barnet near a week to do the weaving it is so fine. As the handkerchief is near a yard square it took Time to get those three Rows around and I was fearful of not getting it ready for the Day, so Juliana spelled me a little toward the last, and our stitches are so much alike, that I don't believe even your Critical Eye could tell her work from mine. I am sure Peggy's cannot, for, (and I know you will not bruit it abroad) I fear the new Sister is not overly well skilled with the Needel, though in most other Housewife Arts she is well taught.

“Well, there was a goodly gathering of gentry. Many had come from the River as far as from Albany down and from New York up. Phil L. was there and as conceited and impudent as ever. The young Patroon has grown a good deal since he and Jack were used to spout Lattin verses at our House, first one and then the other making believe he was a Roman Senator, with me for an admiring Audience. He



seems to be as modest and agreeable as ever. His' good mother has reason to be content with him.

"Pegg's Great Aunts, Mrs. Bayard and Mrs. de Peyster, you know. (N.B. They took up no less Space than usual.) Almost the whole family of Livingstons from the Upper Manour was there. Peggy's uncle Bloom (brother of Mrs. Jacob Evertson) was not able to be present, but sent her a fine and useful gift of four young heifers with calf.

"All the Tenantry had their Tables set in the biggest Barne, & of good eating there was no lack but rather an overabundance. It seemd to me, when after supper Mrs. Evertson took me into the Kitchen and Pantry, that there was more left untouched than had been used, and yet there had been no stint but rather Stuffing of the Guests, and many persons to be fed.

"There is no need for telling over all we had to you who know so well that all great Feasts are much alike, only I will say that everything was of the very best that Money could



buy, as plentiful as if it cost nothing, & as well cooked and served as the very best of cooks and waiters can do under such a Director as Mr. Evertson.

“Between you and me, all alone, I think it really Mr. E. who is the Director of all Things in and about his Home as well as in his business. You well know what a handsome Gentleman he is & so gracious and genial with everyone, seeming to think of nothing but their pleasure. Yet I observe that it is to him that all the Servants look for orders and all the Guests for entertainment. While old Lady Evertson, who is always fussing about with an anxious scowl on her wrinkled face (he hasn’t a wrinkle, yet he is fifty two and that is several years older than she) seems to exercise no real Authority. . . . She looks, when they stand up side by side, full ten years older than our Mamma, instead of looking what she is, which is ten years younger. She wore a very rich and stiff Dove-coloured Sattin Gown with a Kerchief & a close Cap



of the finest of Linnen cambric; and our mamma wore the good black Sattin gown she got to wear at your wedding with the small Canton Shawl of white Crape that Uncle Worthington gave her.

“Several of Jack’s college mates had been invited and those came who do not live too far away. Mr. James Kent came in from Poughkeepsie & made himself very agreeable to all the Young Ladies & particularly I thought to Peggy’s sister Catherine, at which I thought her mother seemed not well pleased, as if she considered that one son-in-law with no prospects beyond his profession should be a plenty in one Family.

“By the bye, Mr. Robert Livingston of Clermont Manour begged his best respects to you, and to tell you that he missed your always gracious Presence, & that he purposed soon to give himself the pleasure of calling upon you and your good Husband. He is not so handsome as *Some others* whom we both know, but his manners are exceedingly fine and gracious, and his figure is really



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

superb. When the Minuett was danced no one carried it so well as he, but he seemed to prefer talking with papa and Mr. E. which indeed it is natural that he should. He is really too old for dancing though he does it so well.

“What a Dinner and what a Supper, and what Dancing too, those had who were privileged to dance! Jack & Peggy footed it in grand Style. Of course we conducted the bride to her new Home. We made a fine Cavalcade coming over the Hills in the moonlight. Papa and Mamma in their gig; Uncle and Aunt Simeon in their coach, others of the older ladies on pillions behind their Husbands & some of the young ladies behind their Gallants. But the most of us, I am happy to say, were on side-saddles, which I find are far better. I never did like being fastened on behind a man like a big, uncomfortable Bundle.

“Just before we all left Mr. Evertson’s house, all the Slaves gathered in rows on each side of the flag-walk from the front



door, shouting: 'Weddin giff, young Massa! Weddin giff, young Missy!' We New Englanders did not know what to make of this, but Jack had been told by Peggy, & they were both ready for what it seems is an old Dutch custom. Mr. Evertson himself held an immense two handled basket full of Packages, while Master Reuters and John (Evertson) each held another big Basket full of nuts, sugar plums and raisins. From Mr. E's basket, the Bride and her Groom handed to each slave one of the packages, while the Brothers from their baskets dipped out big cocoanut shells full of the Goodies. It was fun to see the Darkies grin as each clutched the packet he or she had just received under one arm, and held it tight while holding out both hands to be filled with the Goodies. Each woman and girl found in her packet a gay Kerchief and Store stuff for a new gown. Each man got a big red and yellow Handkerchief, a paire of warm Stockings and about two pounds of tobacco. Some of the eldest got other things besides.



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

“Jack and Peggy are to live with Uncle and Aunt Simeon for a while, that is until Uncle and Aunt get ready to go to Vermont to live, which they now expect to do as soon as the sleighing will permit, and then the young couple shall have Uncle’s fine house for their own, he says. When we reached the house, it was all a blaze of Light from Cellar to Garret and a big Supper was waiting, but none of us could do Justice to it & the last Guest in both our houses was in bed before midnight.

“One thing I forgot to tell you about, and that is the flowers and berries and leaves with which the Evertson house was dressed. I never saw anything like it before, but am told that the Dutch always make great use of flowers at Weddings. Of course it was pretty late in the season for many Blossoms, but such as still lingered were put in with branches of Autumn leaves, bitter sweet & elder and wax berries tastefully combined with ornaments for the cornice and Mantel-pieces. They have two fine gilt Chandeliers



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

holding eighteen wax Candles each, like the one in Uncle Simeon's south Parlour. I think they are new, for I don't remember seeing them before & I am very sure I should have noticed them. Underneath each of them was tied a little Pot in which grows a little vine and twines around the stem of the Chandelier very prettily.

"Mr. Evertson gave to Peggy the Boy and Girl (slaves) she has always called her own, Jack and Nancy by name. They were married by Papa directly after *our* Jack & Peggy. (Papa says that we must give up calling our brother 'Jack' now that he is married; that it is not seemly. But it will be strange to call him John). Nancy is to be cook, and another wench, Sib, short for Sibella, is to be housemaid. N.B. Jack's practice will have to pay him well with so much stile to support. Uncle will present him with three Slaves, as he will have a great deal to do to keep up Uncle's fine establishment.

"Oh, but you should see all the Linnen



’ good household Stuffs in Pegg’s chestes! I thought you had enough for any girl’s portion, but Peggy has at least four times as much in quantity, and some of it is astonishing fine in quality. Besides feather beds, bouldsters and big and little Pillows for half a dozen Beds, there are beautiful fine wool Mattresses for three other Beds and everything else to correspond. One Bedstead has hangings of heavy white Dimity, trimmed with a broad white Linnen fringe of her Mother’s spinning, and her own Knotting. One has hangings of a gay flowered Chintze, also trimmed with the same sort of Fringe, ’ a third has hangings of white and blue silk Damask. But you must wait till you can come over when the sleighing is good. Then Peggy will show them all to you, and you must be sure to praise them enough, or you will not please her; and yet not too much, or she will think you are not sincere. Some of the mahogany furniture is *extremely* handsome, as I am sure you will say when you see it.



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

"I am not half through with what I have to tell you, but Mr. Gay has just sent in to say that he is to start for Po'Keepsie in the morning, and will take anything we have to send you and leave it at the Friends in Pleasant Valley as he passes. I hope you will get the Package safely and as speedily as may be. I put the Loaf of good Bride Cake which Mrs. Evertson gave me for you in the centre, so its rich odour should not tempt the Carrier who takes it on from P.V."

The homestead and lands at Sharon passed to the Governor's only son, William Mather, born in 1787, and of the class of 1805 at Yale, who married Helen, daughter of Gilbert R. Livingston, of Red Hook, New York. And then to Robert Worthington Smith, born in 1811, a graduate of Williams College, who married Gertrude L'Estrange Bolden, a descendant of the Huguenot L'Estrange family whose thrilling escape from France is told in Colonial Days and Ways. Their children were Gilbert Livingston Smith,



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

born 29 December, 1835, died 14 February, 1915; Mrs. Robert Clinton Geer and Miss Helen Evertson Smith. These two ladies now possess the beautiful old place, but unfortunately have no descendants to follow them. Still the house which Dr. Simeon Smith built so enduringly will remain, and the history of the family which so long enjoyed it and led such worthy lives within its walls will survive for the interest of future generations through the charming writings of Miss Helen Evertson Smith, who after a hundred years, followed the lively Juliana in turning over the old papers in Jerusha Mather's cedar chest.

Mary, youngest daughter of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, the young lady who described her brother's wedding, married her cousin, Rev. Daniel Smith of Stamford, Connecticut, also a descendant of the Rev. Henry Smith of Weathersfield. Their son, Rev. Dr. Thomas Mather Smith, was born at Stamford in 1791, became an Episcopal clergyman, professor of theology in the Seminary at Gam-

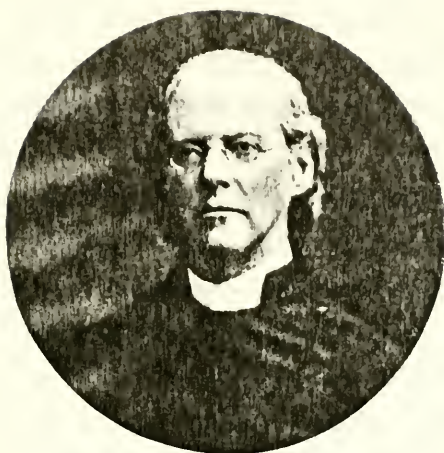


## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

bier, Ohio, and president of Kenyon College, in 1850. He married Mary Greenleaf, the daughter of the distinguished scholar, Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, Professor of Theology at Andover.

Their son, the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, was born in Dr. Woods' house at Andover, Massachusetts, 4 August, 1826, graduated at Bowdoin in 1847, studied theology at the Gambier Seminary and was ordained in 1850. He was successively rector of St. John's Church, Bangor, Maine, minister of Trinity Church, Boston, and from 1860 until his death in 1882, rector of Ascension Church, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, New York. During his life, Ascension Church held a position of leadership in New York. It was attended by the old families which still lived in the neighborhood of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue below Twenty-third Street; and while it was the favorite church for weddings, it was foremost for its size in missionary and charitable work. Dr. Smith was unremitting in





JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D.  
1826-1882



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

his efforts to make himself and his congregation the means of forwarding the social betterment of the city. He was among the first to urge the cause of improved tenements and with an association formed in his congregation erected two blocks of model buildings, as well as the two chapels on Jane and on West Forty-third Streets which brought religious service and instructions to large numbers of people hitherto unprovided for. To these objects he gave largely of his own means. In his theological views and teachings he was always liberal and conciliatory. Rev. Dr. Huntington of Grace Church made an address upon Dr. Smith's work after his death and gave to it the title of the "Counsellor of Peace," a characterization which well expresses the position of Dr. Smith in all church affairs. He was a brilliant and effective preacher, a profound scholar and a man of rare social charm. His unfailing sense of humor was suggestive of the "merrie eye" of his ancestor, the Rev. Henry Smith of Weathersfield. Dr. Smith



## THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

married Harriette, daughter of General James Appleton, of Appleton Farms, Ipswich, Massachusetts. There he built the house called Briar Hill, where he passed his summers. The Ascension parish at Ipswich was founded by him, and the present building was given as a memorial to him.

The traditions of this family of New England clergymen is now nobly maintained by his son, the Rev. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith. He was born in New York, 24 March, 1860, graduated at Amherst College 1882, and from the Cambridge Theological Seminary in 1885. The same year he became rector of St. Peter's Church, Beverly, Massachusetts; whence, in 1889, at the request of Dr. Phillips Brooks, he went to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister. In 1893, he accepted a call to St. John's Church, Northampton, and in 1902 became Rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C.



*DESCENDANTS OF  
JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D.*



DESCENDANTS OF  
JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D.

JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D. born at Andover, Massachusetts, 4 August, 1826; died at New York, 10 January, 1882; married at Portland, Maine, 19 December, 1849, HARRIETTE, daughter of General JAMES APPLETON, of Appleton Farms, Ipswich, Massachusetts, born at Marblehead, Mass., 24 March, 1829; died at Ipswich, 26 August, 1905.

ISSUE:

- I. MARY GREENLEAF WOODS, born 9 September, 1855; died 1866.
- II. ELLEN APPLETON, born 17 December, 1856; married 9 June, 1881, Chalmers Wood of New York.

ISSUE:

1. *John Cotton*, b. 22 May, 1882; d. 6 December, 1890.
2. *Chalmers*, b. 14 October, 1883.
3. *William Lawrence*, b. 10 January, 1887; married 10 April, 1915, Laura Cass Canfield, of New York.



THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

4. *Mary Appleton*, b. 31 May, 1892.
5. *Francis Appleton*, b. 2 June, 1894.

III. ROLAND COTTON, born 24 March, 1860;  
married 13 October, 1886, Margaret  
Sigourney Otis, of Boston.

ISSUE:

1. *John Cotton*, b. 16 July, 1887.
2. *William Otis*, b. 9 December, 1889;  
d. 19 June, 1908.
3. *Margaret Sigourney*, b. 18 May, 1892;  
married 29 January, 1913, Guy Emerson,  
of Boston.

IV. ANNIE OSGOOD, born 20 February, 1862;  
married 26 September, 1882, Bayard  
Tuckerman, of New York.

ISSUE:

1. *Elizabeth Wolcott*, born at Ipswich,  
24 July, 1883; married 10 June, 1905,  
William M. Elkins, of Philadelphia.



THE COTTON SMITH FAMILY

ISSUE:

*William L.* b. 8 May, 1906.

*Elizabeth Wolcott*, b. 20 March, 1910.

*Bayard Tuckerman*, b. 23 December,  
1911.

2. *May Appleton*, born at New York,  
24 November, 1886; married, 18  
April, 1907, *Gustav Hermann Kinnicutt*,  
of New York.

ISSUE:

*Francis Parker*, b. 29 April, 1908.

*Dorothy May*, b. 15 July, 1910.

*Gustav Hermann*, b. 29 February,  
1912.

3. *Bayard*, born at Morristown, N. J.,  
19 April, 1889.
4. *Joan Cotton*, born at New York, 21  
April, 1891; married, 22 July, 1911,  
*Evans Rogers Dick*, of Philadelphia.

ISSUE:

*Anne Bayard*, b. 5 July, 1912.

*Emily Tuckerman*, b. 24 March, 1915.



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V. FULLER APPLETON, b. 10 August, 1865.

VI. HARRIETTE GREENLEAF WOODS, b. 23 June, 1867; married 19 June, 1890, Joseph Fitz Woods, of Boston.

ISSUE:

1. *Harriette Appleton*, b. 28 March, 1891; married, 6 November, 1911, Norman Romney Sturgis, of Boston.

ISSUE:

*Norman Romney*, b. 31 Oct., 1912.

*Harriette Woods*, b. 19 January, 1915.

2. *Joseph Wheeler*, b. 9 July, 1902.

VII. BESSIE, b. 14 February, 1869; d. in infancy.

VIII. JULIA JAMES, born 14 February, 1869; married 22 November, 1888, George B. Post, of New York.

ISSUE:

1. *George B.*, b. 3 February, 1890.
2. *Harriette*, b. 26 November, 1894.



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